

The  
Alvester Grammar



M.D.C.  
NOBISCUM  
CHRISTUS STATE.

School Record.

1927-1928.

# Alcester Grammar School Record.

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No. 28.

DECEMBER, 1927.

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EDITOR—MR. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—B. WELLS, K. WILLIAMS, BAILEY,  
SISAM.

## Headmaster's Letter.

DEAR READERS,

How quickly the term seems to have flown! I find it very hard to realise that now we are in sight of the end. I suppose it is the number of events in our School life that makes the time pass so rapidly. This term there was the influx of new comers to the school, rather more than usual this time; then the settling down in new forms after the general move up; then football and hockey matches, and, almost before we know it, the half term is upon us, with the extra day in honour of the triumphs of some of our scholars. Half term once passed the end is soon in sight, sure sign of which is the warning from our Editor that any contributions to the magazine must be ready by a date that seems much too near for some of us.

As I have said, the number of those in their first term at this school is larger than usual, and I should like first to say a word or two to them. I believe most of you are glad to be here at school, but it is little good being here unless you take full advantage of all the School can give you. So waste no time. Start at once, entering heartily into all the work and play of these few years at school, which will not come again. What you do now, what you become now, is of more importance than you know.

To you others who have been at school some time and whose school days are half done, or perhaps nearing the end, I want to point out the responsibility that lies with you to set an example to those who are your juniors in conduct, work and play. It is a responsibility you cannot escape, whether you will or no, and upon the way in which you discharge it the tone and reputation of our school largely depend. We owe a great debt to those girls and boys who in the past have shown a wholehearted devotion to the school. They did much for it, and in return it did much for them. During school days they made school concerns and

duties a main issue of their lives. They gave no divided allegiance, and did not squander energy and attention on things that do not matter. For such the School reserves her best gifts, not always in the form of Scholarships and honours, but in character and reputation.

By the time the magazine appears in print, Christmas will be near, so I take this opportunity of wishing all, both old and present scholars, a very happy Christmas, with a special greeting and desire for their welfare to those old scholars, the pioneers from amongst us, who have ventured to seek fortune in distant parts of the world, and whose thoughts may turn with longing to this corner of Warwickshire at this season of the year.

YOUR HEADMASTER.

### **The School Year. 1927-28.**

AUTUMN TERM: September 14—December 20.

Half Term: Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 31 and Nov. 1.

SPRING TERM: January 18—April 3.

Half Term: Monday, Feb. 27.

SUMMER TERM: April 25—July 31.

Half Term: Monday and Tuesday, May 28 and 29.

### **The School Register.**

#### **Valete.**

\*Earp, E. L. L. (VI), 1915-27.  
 \*Lane, E. G. (VI), 1918-27.  
 \*Partridge, A. J. (VI), 1919-27.  
 \*Smith, L. (VI), 1920-27.  
 \*Gwinnett, W. J. (Va), 1916-27.  
 Howard, T. (Va), 1921-27.  
 Lane, H. M. (Va), 1918-27.  
 Savage, B. H. (Va), 1923-27.  
 Smith, J. (Va), 1926-27.  
 Bagge, A. C. (Vb), 1923-27.

Bullock, E. M. (IVa), 1920-27.  
 Winnett, R. F. (IVa), 1923-27.  
 Baseley, M. (IVb), 1920-27.  
 Canning, C. R. (IVb), 1923-27.  
 Kilby, C. A. M. (IVb), 1924-27.  
 Whitcombe, B. (IVb), 1923-27.  
 Griffin, R. (IIIa), 1919-27.  
 Holder, F. G. (IIIa), 1922-27.  
 Ainge, L. (IIIb), 1919-27.

\* Prefect.

#### **Salvete.**

Baylis, G. P. (Ia).  
 Bayne, B. T. (IIIa).  
 Blakeman, J. M. (IIIb).  
 Chambers, J. E. (IIIa).  
 Chatterley, H. M. (IIIa).  
 Clark, B. I. (II).  
 Clark, P. M. (IIIb).  
 Clark, R. W. (IIIb).  
 Dyke, K. (IIIa).  
 Goulbourne, C. D. (Ia).  
 Goulbourne, M. (IIIa).  
 Green, M. (Ib).  
 Hemming, W. R. (IIIa).  
 Hunt, H. D. (Ia).

Jagger, K. M. (Va).  
 Kessey, W. M. (IIIa).  
 Mason, A. (IIIa).  
 Moore, J. S. (Ia).  
 Saunders, D. (IIIa).  
 Savage, E. H. (IIIb).  
 Savage, J. J. (IIIa).  
 Sherwood, W. E. (IIIa).  
 Spencer, E. E. (IIIb).  
 Spencer, R. W. (Ib).  
 Tombs, J. (IIIa).  
 Walker, M. E. (IIIa).  
 White, C. A. J. (IIIa).

*The Alcester Grammar School Record.*

**In Memoriam.**

All Old Scholars, and especially those who were at school with her, would bear with the deepest regret of the death of May Stock, which took place at Ashchurch, near Tewkesbury, on October 12th. One of the first pupils to enter the School when it was opened in February, 1912, she remained here for five years and two terms. Although she did not find school lessons easy, by sheer perseverance and hard work she gained her Oxford Senior Certificate with Third Class Honours in a good year. On leaving School she entered the Teachers' Training College at Cheltenham and obtained her Teachers' Certificate. At the time of her death she held a post in a School at Clifton.

She will be remembered at School as a girl of a very happy disposition, a good student, and one who took an active interest in all School concerns. E. W.

**Old Scholars' Guild News.**

PRESIDENT—K. Perks.

HON. SECRETARY—E. Bowen. HON. TREASURER—R. Smith.

The summer gathering of the Guild took place at the School on Saturday, July 23rd. The usual programme of tennis, cricket, etc., was carried out in the afternoon, and the evening was devoted to dancing to the accompaniment of the Alauna Band. A very successful Reunion closed on the stroke of midnight with "Auld Lang Syne."

The business meeting was held immediately after tea. K. Perks was elected President for the year 1927-28, in succession to Mr. Wells, and presided over the remainder of the meeting. E. Bowen was appointed secretary, and R. Smith treasurer. As Committee members there were elected K. Bomford, I. Dowdeswell, and E. Perkins, in place of the retiring members, C. Holder, M. Sisam, and C. Bunting. Mr. Wells was elected Vice-President.

On Monday, July 25th, the annually-arranged cricket match between the Old Boys and the School was played in Ragley Park. In a game of low scores the Old Boys won by 36 runs to 14.

The first dance of the season took place in the Town Hall on Saturday, September 24th. There were about 70 present, and a thoroughly enjoyable evening passed all too quickly. During an interval a presentation from members of the guild was made to the President, K. Perks (who has since left for New Zealand), on the occasion of her marriage.

Many old scholars have expressed their desire for a series of dances this season. The Guild Committee has, accordingly, appointed a sub-committee to make the necessary arrangements. The dance committee consists of H. Lester (Secretary), I. Dowdeswell, R. Smith, and S. Wright. They are organising the following dances in the Town Hall:—

Saturday, December 3rd (7.30 till 11.30).

Tuesday, December 27th (9 till 3).

Saturday, February 18th (7.30 till 11.30).

Thursday, April 12th (8 till 2).

The Committee hope that Old Scholars will make every effort to attend as many of the dances as possible.

The Winter Reunion has been fixed for Saturday, December 17th.

A word in reference to our President. All members of the Guild know how much she has in recent years done for the Guild. First as Treasurer, and later as Secretary, she spared no effort in working for the success of every meeting, whether reunion or dance. All will join in extending to her every good wish for her happiness in her new home in New Zealand.

Heartly congratulations to B. Walker on his success in passing the Final Examination of the Institute of Chartered Accountants last May.

And to E. Skinner, who has obtained the Board of Education Teachers' Certificate.

### **Marriages.**

On August 17th, at Alcester, William Gardner (scholar 1913-18) to Annie Marie Ransford.

On September 20th, at Studley, Thomas McCarthy to Marjorie E. J. Hall (scholar 1912-13).

On September 21st, at Studley, Reginald Howard Pretty to Edith Gertrude Franklin (scholar 1915-18).

On November 29th, at Wellington, New Zealand, Stanley F. Smallwood to Kathleen Perks (scholar 1914-20).

### **Death.**

On October 12th, at Ashchurch, May Stock (scholar 1912-17), aged 28 years.

## **Helpful hints on the writing of Articles.**

### **(1) How to Write.**

As many of our readers seem rather shy of proffering articles for our illustrious record it is our intention to publish a few hints on how to write a successful and entertaining magazine article. The first essential is of course something to write about and at once a thousand and one subjects crowd into our mind, such as—er, well for instance er—er, "Should homework be increased" (but we are afraid that it appeared in our last issue and nearly caused a revolution), or "Should 'shove halfpenny' be allowed in the Lower Forms" (then again we seem to have read something of that in the "Women's Weekly Whispers"). In fact so many are crowding into our mind that it is difficult to pick out an individual, but it will be easily seen that it is simplicity itself to alight on the ideal subject and, presuming that you have already done so, we will proceed.

It is positively necessary to cater for the taste of every class of reader when composing such a literary work. Needless to say it is of but little use to write on such a flighty and frivolous subject as "How to Dance the Yale Blues in one lesson," when we consider that the philosophic and highly moral members of the Upper Fifth come forward each term with their ninepences to purchase a little intellectual reading matter. On the other hand it is impossible, nay even cruel, to force on the young and tender minds of the Lower School a treatise on "Einstein's Theory" or "The Relative Values of Chloroform and Patent Barley." No! the successful author must strike the happy medium, hit the right nail on the head and so smash his contemporaries by studying his readers, and in one article please both the thinker and the thoughtless. May we add that he would be enormously helped by taking our special correspondence course. For full particulars of fees, please apply to the Editor. Modesty forbids us to publish the thousands of letters we have received from successful authors.

To return to our subject——. We will assume that our student, helped by our advice, has selected a brilliant subject, composed a thrilling essay, and is at present chewing his pen in an endeavour to make a grand finale. This is where we again come to the rescue.

It is the opinion of many that the ending is the most important part of an article; in fact, some magazine articles seem all end. It is necessary to rise to a climax and care should be taken not to sink into an anti-climax. But as we

are unable at present to finish with a really magnificent flourish, we will close without further preliminaries, trusting that these few but invaluable hints will be absorbed by our readers and bear fruit in the terms to come.

M. Z.

## (2) What to Write.

The paper is ready, the ink is uncorked, two penholders and a box of nibs lie handy, a store of blotting paper has been brought in; nothing is lacking, and we begin to write. Yes, write! write! but what can we write? Our mind is an absolute blank; we must go to other people for suggestions.

We encounter our first would-be helper. "You want to write? Well, write about some historical building you know; make up a romance to take place in the surroundings." Firmly, but politely, we inform him that it is a magazine article, not a three-volume novel we are about to write.

We meet another helpful citizen, who suggests writing on scenery. Now, scenery is all very charming and attractive to look at, but when written down it invariably loses its charm and colour; and, we ask you, what is scenery without colour?

Next, we thrust ourselves upon a gay "live and let live" type of person. On hearing of our needs he helpfully inquires, "Why not write on your difficulties?" Heaving a sigh of utter weariness, we adopt an air of martyrdom. We remark that our difficulties are too numerous and too lengthy to record in one article.

We now clearly realise that it is useless to seek advice from others. We must look upon ourselves as being the only source from which inspiration may flow.

"In native swords and native ranks  
The only hope of courage dwells."

So to ourselves. We have heard that the things one most abhors or adores are the best to write upon; also those which are of common occurrence every day. Now, take our hockey. Who is interested in our hockey but ourselves? Latin? The Editor is himself in such a way responsible for our knowledge of this subject that we fear he would refuse to admit reflection on it. Maths.? Our maths. are surely sufficiently well known without drawing any attention to them.

But this is useless! We will at least choose something with a good sounding title. Here is one: "The Reluctant Rescue of the Reformed Ratepayer." (Why is alliteration

so attractive?) So in real earnest we commence. Having heard, on very good authority, that it is an excellent plan to sit and think about the subject for ten minutes, we will do so!

That period has now elapsed, and we have come to the conclusion that alliteration is the most empty, useless subject, and no sensible person dare attempt to write upon it. The effort we have made is therefore hopeless, and—"O fond, impious wretches" that we are!—we have prepared pens and a ream of paper, but have forgotten the waste-paper basket

R. W.

### *To a Friend.*

You who have known the bitterness of dreams,  
Of half-discovered joys lost in the night  
Of numb despair, before the dawn of hope  
And patient faith breaks everlastingly;  
You who have loved, and loving never lost  
The true reward of duty well performed,  
But selfless challenged self in self-contempt,  
And blindly trusting in the faith of one  
Defied Eternity and quelled desire;  
Fear not, he will not fail you, nor will time  
Dim your reflection in his inmost soul.  
For you he lives, for you would gladly die,  
Nor fears he aught except to be alone.  
Then pray for him, who, though he will return,  
Yet for a while must linger on life's strand;  
Pray that he may in love for you find these—  
Strength to endure, and power to understand.

### *A Broken Idyll*

I called her Zoe. It is true that we were never formally introduced, nor did she at any time tell me her name. Still, she was Zoe to me, and Zoe the little siren will ever remain in my memory. And oh! how I hated her! how I loathed her! My every remark to her was an insult. And, what is worse, my hatred drove me to threaten her with violence. Times without number did I take up a knife, and would fain have struck her down. But as many times did she escape my onslaught, flitting daintily to some place of safety, hiding herself where she could not be found. And the more she fled from me, the more ruthlessly did I pursue her. But all to no purpose.



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She, I believe, on her side, came to love me dearly. From the time that I first found her, one warm day in late October, established on the arm of one of my easy chairs, she refused to be separated from me all day long. Where she used to sleep at night I never discovered. For she was up and very wide awake when I came downstairs in the morning. She would greet me playfully with one light kiss after another, no matter how I tried to check her. Though no place was laid for her, she would feed from my table, gazing at me so pathetically when I gave voice to some stern rebuke. Even the hardest heart should have melted beneath those ravishing glances.

As I sat reading in my chair she loved to place her sylph-like form lightly on my knee, whence she would jealously eye my book, as though she were longing to sweep it from my hand and to force me to take some notice of her. This device being rewarded with nought but rebuffs, she would turn to caressing my hands with her fairy touch, first one and then the other. When even at that I would not leave my reading, she would preen herself awhile before a mirror, and then, from a chair opposite, ogle me in most alluring fashion. Anon, without warning, she would dart behind my chair and plant light kisses on my cheek, my forehead, my nose. She was, indeed, never more happy than when she was lavishing her endearments upon me.

Now all these little devices to win my regard I very much resented. In the first place they were, to say the least, unladylike, and, again, I had no wish to be won over by her. One evening, in utter disgust, I threatened her with all manner of dreadful punishments unless she straightway betook herself whence she had come.

Next morning was bitterly cold, and I sat huddled up in my chair striving to keep warm before a bright fire. Suddenly I felt that something had changed since the day before; and in a trice I remembered. Zoe had not been to give me her morning kiss! I looked round, but could see nothing of her. High and low I searched; not a glimpse of the little dark lady rewarded me. Nor did she show herself throughout the day. Seeing how I had hated her, I suppose I ought to have felt happy that she had gone. Instead, I was only filled with deep longing for her. I felt strangely lonely. I missed her more than words can tell; missed the light pressure of her delicate form on my knee; missed her half pathetic oglings; missed the soft kisses she had been wont to imprint upon my cheek. All day long I waited, but in vain. Now that she was no longer with me

I was stricken to the heart at the brutal way in which I had behaved towards her. And I went to my bed weighed down with sadness.

The following day I was buoyed up with a lingering hope that she would be there. Vain hope, indeed. Not a sign was there of her. Nor since then has Zoe showed herself to me. She has gone, I suppose, to join all the other little flies in those happy abodes where they rest from their labours in the winter time.

A. R.

### **Notes and News.**

The Head Girl for this year is B. Wells, and the Head Boy, Brewer.

The Prefects are B. Hughes, M. Sheppard, B. Wells, E. Wood, M. Zambra; Andrews, Bailey, Brewer, Partridge.

This year's Football Captain is Sisam, and the Hockey Captain is B. Wells.

The following are the Sides Captains:—Brownies, A. Lloyd and Brewer; Jackals, B. Bomford and Summers; Tomtits, B. Wells and Sisam.

At the breaking-up assembly, at the end of last term, the usual presentations were made.

The tennis racquet—the gift of Mrs. Wells—was awarded to O. Lane.

The cricket bat—presented by Mr Stone—to Partridge i.

The gold medal to E. Lane, the winner of the tennis tournament; the silver medal to B. Wells, the other finalist.

A replica of "Victory"—offered this year for the first time by Miss Deans to the girl making the highest individual score in the Arts and Crafts Competition—was won by B. Wells.

This term we welcome to the Staff Miss Barrett, who has taken charge of the girls' physical exercises and games.

The School-leaving Scholarship for the year 1926-27 was awarded to Earp.

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Hearty congratulations to A. J. Partridge on his success in gaining an Edgar Allan Scholarship, tenable at Sheffield University.

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An extra day's holiday was given to the School at half term, in recognition of the successes of scholars last year in open scholarship examinations.

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We are pleased to record that Lydia Earp has been awarded a County Minor Scholarship.

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The Games Subscription this term amounted to £7 17s. 3d.

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On Wednesday, November 2nd, a concert, organised by Mr. Hutton, was given in the Picture House, for the purpose of raising money to assist the Games Fund. We wish to express our gratitude to Mr. Hutton and to all who took part in this concert and helped to make it a success. As the result of their kindness, the Games Fund has benefited to the extent of over £11.

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The customary two minutes' silence was observed in the usual manner on Armistice Day, Friday, November 11th.

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This year's Sports Day has been fixed for Thursday, May 24th.

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On Thursday, October 13th, a lantern lecture was given by Mr. Newgent Harris in the Physics Laboratory. The subject of the lecture was "The Making of the Empire."

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The School is this year represented at the Universities and Colleges by the following Old Scholars:—E. L. L. Earp, S. A. Gothard, H. T. Lester, A. M. Thomas, at Birmingham; E. G. Lane, at London; E. H. Mander, M. A. Sherwood, J. W. Wells, at Oxford; A. J. Partridge, at Sheffield; I. M. Lloyd, at Carmarthen; L. Smith, at Cheltenham; E. Clark, at Lincoln.

### **When I Carried an Umbrella.**

Yes! When I carried an umbrella! Please, Mr. Printer, print that word "carried" in the largest and heaviest type you can find. I want my readers to realise at once that I do not carry an umbrella now. I have never been the possessor of an umbrella. I have never been particularly fond of those articles of inconvenience, but nowadays I most emphatically refuse to appear with one in public. Wild horses themselves could not drag me from my home with one in my hand. That portentous day on which—but I anticipate.

When I carried an umbrella! Shall I ever forget that one and only occasion on which a mischievous Fate ordained that I should become the sport of such a device of wood and silk and ribs? No! a thousand times no! That nightmare day will remain in my memory long after all other things are forgotten. I write these few lines in the hope that at least one of you who read them may be persuaded to think a second time before yielding to the temptation to snatch up an umbrella from the hall stand. Well, to my tale of woe!

It was a summer morning, cold and dreary. The rain was pattering persistently on the pavement outside, as I donned my winter overcoat and swathed my neck and chin in my warmest muffler. Just as I was ready to sally forth to face the elements my elder brother called out to me, "Take my old umbrella, or you will be drowned!" In a weak moment I thanked him, and grabbed the umbrella. From the instant I grabbed that crooked handle my tribulations began. I tugged the umbrella from the stand, only to litter the hall floor with an assortment of miscellaneous walking-sticks, whose points had been snugly reposing amid the folds. Blind that I was, I would not be warned by this omen, but after restoring to the stand all its superfluous contents I fared forth with the umbrella held above my head.

Now I have never allowed myself too much time to catch my train, and the delay occasioned by my groping about in the hall had made it imperative for me to cover the distance to the station in record time. Firmly grasping the umbrella, and holding it before me to keep off the driving rain, I started to run. I suppose the sight of a black hemisphere propelled on two legs along the footpath at lightning speed must appear peculiar even to the staidest horse. At any rate, the centenarian steed which each morning hauls Mr.

Field in his milk float showed a sudden surprise; it reared on its hind legs, depositing Mr. Field and a collection of milk cans in the street. Mr. Field's remarks mercifully escaped me, amid the clatter of cans; but, though formerly he would cheerily pass the time of day with me, since then he has met my "good morning" with a stolid scowl. On I dashed, and was reaching the station without further incident, when I heard ahead of me a sound of rending, and I was brought up with a staggering shock. Raising my eyes over the rim of my umbrella, I discovered that I had run the point of my umbrella right through one carried by a dear, stout old lady whom I met each morning. I had always looked upon her as a most suitable model for a picture of Benignity; but her expression at that moment would have served better for a study of the Virulent Virago. Feeling about the size of the proverbial worm, I mumbled an apology and rushed into the station.

My train was waiting, and, in my confusion and my haste to secure a seat I quite overlooked the necessity of lowering (or deflating—whichever is the correct term) my umbrella. The result was that I stuck in the doorway, while the guard, stationmaster, and a group of porters provided a chorus of caustic comment as I frantically strove to get that precious umbrella either in or out of the compartment. Having delayed the train for a full minute I took my seat, the offending umbrella—which, though already a burden to me, I considered might be rightly regarded as "light luggage"—being securely deposited on the rack. We had been traveling for some five minutes when I felt my right-hand neighbour—a meek-looking little man—becoming somewhat restless. Every few seconds he would give a convulsive quiver and glance up above his head. In the end, when this procedure had continued for a little time, I was constrained to look upwards. To my surprise I perceived a drop of water form on the umbrella and then drip—right down the little man's white collar! I jumped up and adjusted the umbrella so as to put the little man out of its range. A moment later I heard a faint sizzling coming from my left-hand side, where a fellow-passenger was contentedly enjoying his morning smoke. I glanced in that direction, and, oh, horror! I was just in time to see another drop fall full into my neighbour's pipe. If looks could slay, I should have fallen dead there and then. I snatched the cause of the trouble from the rack, and, a corner seat becoming vacant at the next station, I moved into that corner and stood my affliction behind me on the seat. The next station, where

I had to leave the train, was reached without further mishap, and I hurried out. I was just reaching the end of the platform when I heard the patter of steps behind me, and, turning, I perceived the meek little man, who had been my fellow-traveller, rushing after me with something wet and black in his hand. It was my umbrella! I had left it in the train! Oh! the humiliation I felt at that kindness in return for a drenched collar!

No further accident occurred on the way to my office, and there the morning passed in the usual uneventful fashion. After lunch I had to make a journey to a distant part of the town, and, as the rain was again threatening, I felt that it would be foolish to leave my umbrella behind me. Tucking it securely beneath my arm, I hastened out into the street. I had walked some distance in the direction of the tram terminus when I felt a touch on my arm, and was greeted with a cheery "hullo." Recognising the voice of a particular friend of mine I swung round. My umbrella, in its semi-circular sweep, met an obstacle, and overcame it as it met it. A cry of dismay from behind me! What *had* I done? I had scattered far and wide in the muddy street the whole armful of the early edition that a newsvendor was carrying. The traffic was held up while he retrieved the muddled journals, and then I had to disburse a full half-crown to the youth in payment for the damage done. I had no words for my friend, but moved away with all speed from the scene of my latest misfortune to catch my tram.

In a short time I found myself one of some thirty passengers seated in two rows facing one another and being jolted along. This time, of course, as my umbrella was dry, there was no rack and so I sat with my umbrella between my knees. The conductor was coming along the car for fares. Just before he reached me the tram pulled up with a sudden jerk, the conductor made two rapid steps forward, caught his foot in my umbrella, and measured his length upon the floor of the car. Silver and copper rolled in every direction, and I could not but help, by groping round on my hands and knees to recover the coins, in the scattering of which I had been the innocent instrument. I had intended to take a fourpenny ticket, but I took only a penny one. Then I stole guiltily out of the car, and completed my journey on foot.

I kept my appointment, and proceeded to walk to the station. A terrific downpour of rain coming on forced me once again to unfurl my umbrella. But on this occasion



I was careful to keep the point directed upwards, and to move along at a steady walk. All was going well when a sudden gust of wind caught that wretched umbrella and turned it inside out. Try as I would I could not put it right, and I was forced to walk to the station clutching that ludicrous object. There a porter kindly offered to assist me. Between us we succeeded in restoring it to something resembling its original form, at the expense of three broken ribs and half-a-dozen gaping holes in the silk. In sheer disgust I made the good-natured porter a present of the shattered article.

Arriving home, I promptly presented my well-intentioned brother with a pound note for damage done. But I imposed a stipulation that he would never question me as to the events of that distressing day on which I carried an umbrella.

ANON.

### Whiff.

(With apologies to R. Kipling).

If you can make the vilest stinks invented,  
And work in them from morn till late at night;  
Or with your lot be perfectly contented,  
When you are asked to fool with dynamite;  
If you can still remain quite calm and placid,  
While science masters effervesce and fret;  
Or being told to test sulphuric acid,  
Can suck it through a 10 c.c. pipette.

If you don't get just what the boss expected,  
Yet have the pluck the true results to state,  
And from the truth refuse to be deflected,  
And never stoop to "adding in the date";  
If you can read a bunch of sample numbers,  
When all the labels have been soaked in crude,  
And can, when wakened rudely from your slumbers,  
Reply to questions in a cheerful mood.

If you can drop the fruit of your exertion,  
Before you've weighed it, on the wooden floor,  
And, feeling not a symptom of aversion,  
Can start again as blithely as before;  
If you can take a broken dessicator,  
And from it improvise a Liebig still,  
Or gauge the rainfall from a dehydrator,  
And give six hours a week to "Science Drill."

# Alcester Grammar School.

## List of Scholars, December, 1927.

- Form VI.—Bailey, Brewer, B. Hughes, Partridge, M. Sheppard, B. Wells, M. Zambra.
- Form Va.—Allen, Andrews, P. Bennett, E. Bomford, M. Bryan, Duxbury, R. Jackson, K. Jagger, A. Lloyd, M. Paice, I. Savage, Scriven, Sisam, Smith i., Wigley i., K. Williams, E. Wood.
- Form Vb.—M. Bunn, M. Crouch, C. Dowdeswell, L. Earp, J. Finnemore, Gwynne Jones, Hodgkinson i., I. Ison, W. Lamb, O. Lane, Sherwood i., Summers, M. Thomas, G. Turrall, R. Walker.
- Form IVa.—M. Bomford, A. Bryan, M. Chambers, M. Colegate, I. Davis, M. Ewins, Harper, E. Holder, N. Holder, A. Hudson, M. Inns, Ison i., M. Lane, Masters, E. Pope, Sheppard, Sherwood ii., K. Silvester, J. Smith, Sutton, Wigley ii.
- Form IVb.—G. Averill, K. Barnett, Baylis i., M. Baylis, M. Browning, R. Bunting, Chattaway, Dales, B. Greenhill, Gwinnett, M. Hicks, E. Ison, J. Lane, Lloyd, K. Morom, I. Osborne, Parker, M. Perkins, Plevin, Purser, Sherwood iii., M. Skinner, I. Smith, B. Sollis, Spencer, Walters ii., White, Wilshaw, V. Wood, V. Wright, Yates.
- Form IIIa.—R. Antrobus, Bayne, Birtles, Bourne, J. Bourne, Chambers, H. Chatterley, Corbett, K. Dyke, M. Goulbourne, E. Greenhill, R. Hemming, Hodgkinson ii, D. Horton, Horton, J. Holder, Ison ii., J. Jackson, W. Kessey, Mason, Pinfield, Saunders, Savage i., M. Sherwood, Sherwood iv., Smith ii., Steele, O. Collis, Sumner, Tombs, M. Walker, Walters i., W. Wright.
- Form IIIb.—J. Blakeman, M. Clark, Clark, M. Davis, Goulbourne i., P. Inns, Pellow i., Savage ii., Smith iii., D. Sparrow, E. Spencer.
- Form II.—Antrobus, R. Bomford, P. Boshier, B. Clark, Edmonds, Hough, Morton, Keniston, M. Sisam, R. Spencer, Treadgold, W. Walters.
- Form Ia.—Baylis ii., Fisher, Goulbourne ii., D. Hunt.
- Form Ib.—B. Bach, M. Green, Hillier, Lane, Moore, M. Morton, Pellow ii., Spencer, J. Steele.

If you can subjugate all thoughts of pleasure,  
 And still retain a mead of self-esteem;  
 If you can give your few short hours of leisure,  
 To keeping up with every modern theme;  
 If you'll devote your every waking minute,  
 And seek your sole reward in duty done;  
 Yours is the lab. and everything that's in it,  
 And, what is more, you're welcome to it, son.

### "Gravel Rattleshack."

#### THE RATTLESHACK OMNIBUS COMPANY.

(Address unknown).

Will run a yearly service from Evesham to Stratford-on-Avon.

The first 'Bus will run on the 1st of January, 1928.

(For time-table, see below).

#### THE ADVANTAGES OF THE RATTLESHACK.

The 'bus is unreliable.

It is a Ford half-ton lorry.

No person weighing over half-a-ton can travel by this 'bus.

You can-NOT travel in comfort.

#### TIME-TABLE.

Place	Day	Year		Place	Day	Year
Evesham depart	Jan. 1st	1928		Stratford depart	Jan. 1st	1928
Bidford ... arrive	July 1st	1928		Bidford ... arrive	July 1st	1928
Stratford arrive	Dec. 31st	1928		Evesham arrive	Dec. 31st	1928

For a more complete time-table see pamphlets  
 (not yet published).

P. G. H.

### Switzerland in Summer.

A purple mist—a blue haze—such is Helvetian dawn.  
 Rising in majesty between two distant snow-clad peaks, a  
 golden sun casts a flood of glory over a shimmering blue  
 lake Across the dark mountain side, rolling itself up  
 and again unrolling, finally passing from human ken  
 behind another peak, sweeps a dainty white cloud. On the

mountain side itself, blue ice melts and stones rumble over the hard harsh glacier, while in the valley, through a gorge rushes a torrent of cold grey water, restless and relentless, ever cutting deeper and yet more deeply into the worn grey rocks. Here a waterfall, dancing in the light of mystic sunrise, there a cave where water gleams as it flows from beneath the dark roof into the sunshine of morning, transform this home of mountain and ice, of valleys and lakes into a veritable fairyland.

High on the summit of the mountain, fluttering in the pure free air, flues that flag of red and white—a blood-red background serves to recall the fierceness and chivalry with which ancient battles have been fought while the white cross leads the way for purity, peace and freedom, which, cradled on the shores of a great lake. will someday unite all the peoples of this world in an everlasting friendship.

E. R. C. J.

### *The Diary of A Girl, A.D. 2927.*

Ah! how glad I am that someone invented air wings. Fancy travelling on a two-wheeled machine with foot-rests, or pedals, I think they were called, that had to be pushed round and round over a bumpy surface. Ugh! Think of a great, clumsy vehicle on four wheels. That is worse still! How horrid to be cooped up in a stuffy, jolting car, after flying up here at ease. I read an old book yesterday, and I actually found that a thousand years ago the shopkeepers had to stand behind the counter and serve each person. Thank goodness we are spared that trouble! Why! now almost every man possesses an electro man to serve his customers.

I think I will fly over to France to-morrow to see my cousin, and then we will hire an air-carriage and go for a flight. There now! I must speed down for a meal. Mother's new cooker will give me an excellent lunch in a short time. Now that I have enjoyed those dainties I must send a message to Francis, my cousin. Ah! here is my message bulb. "Hullo! hullo! may I come to see you to-morrow, Francis?"—"Yes. Thank you; good-bye."

I think I will go to buy mother a birthday present now. Oh! here are some labour-saving potato-peelers, just what she wants! Or shall I buy her a pair of electrical shoes, so that she can discard her old ones? What a lovely meat

cutter! just put it on the meat and—there you are! I think I will buy mother a potato peeler, after all; I know she will like it. And I'll buy my little brother a tiny air-carriage, for he asked me yesterday. Yes! that will do. Now I must be off. How surprised mother will be! Good-bye!

M. B.

### **Oxford Local Examinations.**

The successes gained in the July examinations were as follows:—

#### **HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.**

Group ii. (Modern Studies).—E. G. Lane (English and History), B. W. Wells (English and Latin).

Group iii. (Science).—E. L. L. Earp (Physics and Chemistry).

#### **SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.**

First Class Honours.—\*W. A. Partridge.

Second Class Honours.—\*M. Sheppard, B. T. Hughes.

Third Class Honours.—T. Howard.

Passes.—W. J. Gwinnett, B. H. Savage, J. M. Smith, E. P. Wood, M. L. Zambra (distinction in English).

\* Obtained exemption from London Matriculation.

### **The Scouts.**

A fair number of the newcomers have joined our ranks, considerably increasing the strength of the troop. The majority of the meetings this term have been devoted to competitive games, each patrol in turn choosing what should be done at the next meeting. Points have been awarded for these competitions, the marks at present being as follows:—Kangaroos 282, Foxes 259, Wood Pigeons 347, Owls 346, Peacocks 230, Peewits 326.

P. L. (Wood Pigeons).

### **Postage Stamp Club.**

After an interval of two years this Club has been revived. It has been divided into two sections, which hold meetings in alternate weeks. The Secretaries are:—Senior Section: R. Jackson. Junior Section: M. Ewins. As previously, talks are given on matters of interest to collectors, and the exchange of duplicates among members of the Club is facilitated.

### **Musical Society.**

The Society was somewhat late in starting its activities this term. Up to the present only one meeting has been held. This took place on Monday, November 7th, and proved quite a successful gathering, 40 members and 17 visitors being present. The programme, "Songs of the British Isles," was carried out by members of the Society, assisted by D. Sisam, who gave two solos, "Robin Adair" and "Barbara Allen." It is hoped to have an evening of appropriate Christmas music towards the end of the term.

D. S. B.

### **Cricket Results, 1927.**

Played.	Won	Lost.	Drawn.
12 ...	9 ...	2 ...	1

The following boys represented the School:—Andrews, Bagge, Bourne, Brewer, Earp, Harris, Holder, Parker, Partridge i., Sisam, Summers. Wigley i.

### **Football.**

CAPTAIN—Sisam. SECRETARY—Partridge.

The School eleven has been much more successful this season, having lost only two matches out of seven played. For this season a full fixture list has been arranged, including two second eleven matches. Also two sides matches have been played up to the present. The Jackals have won both these, defeating the Brownies 4—2 and the Tomtits 6—2.

Results up to the present are:—

- 1st XI. v. Bromsgrove S.S. (home), won 3—2.  
           v. Waverley Road S.S. (away), drawn 6—6.  
           v. Redditch S.S. (away), won 3—1.  
           v. Astwood Bank Scouts (home), lost 1—4.  
           v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), drawn 3—3.  
           v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), won 4—3.  
           v. Old Henricians (home), lost 3—4.  
           v. Redditch S.S. (home), won 5—4.  
           v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home), won 12—1.
- 2nd XI. v. Henley-in-Arden (home), won 3—1.  
           v. Henley-in-Arden (away), drawn 1—1.

## **Hockey.**

CAPTAIN—B. Wells.

SECRETARY—B. Bomford.

Our hockey season has begun quite favourably, although the weather did its utmost to prevent the first few matches. The team is only slightly altered from last year, but in spite of much practice, has not quite settled down yet. However, our prospects for the season are fairly good, and so far no match has been lost. What should have proved our severest test—our meeting with Studley College on November 19th—had to be cancelled on account of weather conditions.

Results to-date are as follows:—

- 1st XI. v. Bromsgrove S.S. (away), drawn 3—3.  
v. Shotton Ladies (home), won 4—0.  
v. Evesham Ladies 2nd XI. (home), won 4—1.  
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), won 7—2.  
v. Redditch S.S. (away), won 10—1.  
v. Shotton Ladies (away), won 4—0.

B. W. W.

The following weather observations for October have been recorded by members of VB:—

Highest temperature	...	...	72°F.
Lowest temperature	...	...	32°F.
Average temperature	...	...	55°F.
Average pressure	...	...	29.9 ins.
Rainfall	...	...	2.51 ins.
Rain fell on	...	...	12 days.

## **For the Juniors.**

### **Dialogue Between a Scare Crow and Guy Fawkes.**

One day a Scare Crow and a Guy Fawkes had a conversation.

Scare Crow: "I wish I were you. You have better clothes than I have. I am nothing but a bundle of old clothes. I have no fingers."

Guy Fawkes: "That may be so. Sometimes I am gaily dressed but often I am made to look a pretty guy."

Scare Crow: "I must say my life, is much longer than yours. I shall have to stay for several months."

Guy Fawkes: "Like you I come every year, but I only stay for a few hours."

Scare Crow: "I suppose I must own I am useful to frighten the birds from the farmers' crops. Although sometimes some of the old cheeky birds will come and settle on my back. I think they are more afraid of the farmer's gun."

Guy Fawkes: "Perhaps I am not as useful as you are, but I remind people of the great Gunpowder Plot, 1605. It amuses the children to watch me burn on Bonfire Night, so we will say we are both useful, but in different ways."

Scare Crow: "We must end our talk now, for here come some old crows. I must carry on with my work, and frighten them off."

M. C.

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### **The Magic Rock.**

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There once lived by the sea shore a wicked Giant and his wife the witch, Black-cap. Now by the sea shore was a magic rock and nobody knew it was magic. One day when Black-cap was walking along she saw this rock fall down and it left a hole. She looked inside and saw darkness.

She came back in the middle of the night with a lantern and went through the hole and found herself in a beautiful palace. In the corner a Princess was standing. When she saw Black-cap she called her dog, Snap. He snarled and growled "Who are you?" and he scratched her. She ran out of the palace very quickly, but the Princess pressed a button which closed the hole, so that the wicked fairy Black-cap was caught and was smashed to pieces.

Now when this was happening, the giant walked over the rock. Then the Princess pressed another button, and this opened the rock. The Giant's foot slipped and he fell. The Princess again pressed the first button, the rock closed and the Giant was smashed to pieces beside his wife.

(The 6-year-olds of 1 B.).